

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "The Teacha Returns"

Bam Beatz on this one, let's rock out!  
Taking you low...

This The Teacha, I do this for life  
Plus I'm psychic, but I ain't gon tell you who's doing your wife  
You ain't raw like the coke in your rhyme recital  
You been cut so much, you starting to look suicidal  
You trifle, trifling, you need to stop and listen  
You need to hear 2Pac when he was locked in prison  
Man, for real, I'm expanding  
This ain't whiling out, you'll get nicked with two cannons  
Your team's not loyal, you're not harming me son  
If I said "Who wanna go on tour?" you'd be an army of one  
What's that shit around your mouth man, cum?!  
Face the fact, you lost, we got it, we won  
You better off trying on some lottery run  
Then to go against The Teacha, I put the Glock to you dunn  
I be rockin' them drums, all you doing is shoutin'  
What's your address, 69 Brokeback Mountain?!  
It seems my skill you doubtin'  
I spit lyrics, I flow like a fountain  
Listen, you'll get crushed like a kush going into my blunt  
I take it way back, all you do is front!

Yeah... haha, ha...  
Yeah, yeah... KRS!

Spit-tacular, you spit at me, I spit it back at ya  
I'm an emcee, not an actor  
My lyrics won't trap ya, they'll free ya  
But rappers still wanna test The Teacha, let 'em have it!  
What you in my face for, in my space for?  
This is what you rappers get smacked in your face for  
Y'all talk about cutting the bass raw  
But you draw the cops, this what you get chased for  
I'm forever above your world in whatever you do  
Rappers, I will level your crew  
When I'm through, they won't even be able to TELL if it's you  
I'm an emcee, this tradition goes back to Pebbly Poo  
Man, I speak the truth, I'mma show you what God is  
I heard your CD; from the start, it was GARBAGE!  
Click, click, click, I load the cartridge  
Look in the palm of my hand man - THAT'S where your heart is!